

AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE,
PERSONAL APPEARANCE, CHARACTER,
AND MANNERS,
OF
CHARLES S. STRATTON
THE AMERICAN MAN IN MINIATURE,
KNOWN AS
GENERAL TOM THUMB,
TWELVE YEARS OLD, TWENTY-FIVE INCHES HIGH,
AND
WEIGHING ONLY 15 POUNDS.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
GEMARKABLE DWARFS, GIANTS,
AND OTHER HUMAN PHENOMENA, OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES:

Also, **GENERAL TOM THUMB'S SONGS.**

LONDON :
PRINTED BY T. BRETELL,
0, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

1845.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/b30345972>



Under the Especial Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT,

THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

AND

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

46/12

A N A C C O U N T
O F
THE LIFE,
PERSONAL APPEARANCE, CHARACTER,
AND MANNERS,
O F
CHARLES S. STRATTON,
THE AMERICAN MAN IN MINIATURE,
KNOWN AS
GENERAL TOM THUMB,
TWELVE YEARS OLD, TWENTY-FIVE INCHES HIGH,
AND
Weighing only Fifteen Pounds.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
REMARKABLE DWARFS, GIANTS, AND OTHER HUMAN
PHENOMENA, OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

ALSO,
GENERAL TOM THUMB'S SONGS.

London:

PRINTED BY T. BRETELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

1845.



GENERAL TOM THUMB,

THE AMERICAN MAN IN MINIATURE.

SINCE the Creation, the general standard of the human race has been the same. The mummies, disentombed from the catacombs of Egypt, and the tombs of the oldest of the Pyramids, more than three thousand years old, are an average of six feet in length ; and, from the discovery of the most ancient skeletons, there is every reason to suppose that this was the original standard of the race, varying according to climate and circumstances.

These variations, however, have formed in nations and individuals strong and striking exceptions to this general rule. We are informed by the Scriptures, that there existed a race of giants, before the Deluge, who filled the earth with violence and blood. All ancient history and tradition teem with accounts of giants and human monsters, for which stories there must have been some foundation. Skeletons have been found upon the American Continent in such numbers, as to show that, at some remote and unknown period, there must have existed an entire race, whose stature was nearly eight feet.

The individual instances of gigantic stature are well known. Goliath of Gath was a man of the most extraordinary strength and stature. Saul was a head taller than any of his nation. One of the Roman Emperors measured nearly eight feet ; and, within the last century, giants have been exhibited in Europe and America of nearly the same stature. The Patagonians, and inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, the southernmost part of the American Continent, are said to be of remarkable stature ; but the accounts of early voyagers are found to have been very much exaggerated.

Common as have been the instances in which races and individuals have exceeded the average height of the race, those in which they have fallen short of it are hardly less frequent. The climate, and manner of living in the cold regions of the extreme north, have reduced the stature of whole nations ; the Esquimaux are generally below five feet in height, while the inhabitants of Lapland do not average more than four feet, and present a remarkable specimen of a Pigmy Nation.

Ancient history, deemed fabulous, records the existence of a nation of Pigmies in Thrace, eighteen inches high, who carried on long and bloody wars with the Cranes. They are said to have arrived at

maturity when five years old, and, at eight, to have exhibited the decrepitude of old age.

Every one has read the description of the Lilliputians, in the fascinating travels of Lemuel Guilliver. The machinery of that profound and delightful satire is founded upon the universal curiosity and pleasure with which we contemplate our own species, magnified or diminished in their proportions into giants and dwarfs.

Whatever may be thought of the existence of Pigmy Nations, the occurrence of individual specimens of dwarfs, from a very remote period down to the present age, is placed beyond all doubt by the most authentic records, and by the existence of such characters at the present time.

Among the ancient Romans they were in particular request, and were called *Nadi* or *Nanæ*. Julia, the niece of the Emperor Augustus, had a favourite dwarf, named Sonopus. He was two feet four inches in height, and deemed a wonderful curiosty.

Two of the most remarkable dwarfs of modern times are mentioned in the Transactions of the British Philosophical Society; one, born at Norfolk, who, at twenty-two years of age, weighed thirty-four pounds, and measured thirty-eight inches. The other was born in Wales; when fifteen years old, he was thirty-one inches high, and weighed only thirteen pounds; but at this time he had shrivelled away to almost a skeleton, and exhibited the appearance and decrepitude of extreme old age.

Geoffrey Hudson, the most celebrated dwarf in English history, and the only one who compares with the subject of this memoir, lived in the reign of Charles the Second, and was attached to the court of that monarch. At his full maturity he grew to the height of three feet nine inches; but, when only seven or eight, he was set upon the king's table, in a large dish of pastry, from which he emerged, to the great amusement of the company, as soon as the crust was broken. He was then taken into the service of the Queen: challenged and shot a young nobleman in a duel; and, finally, died in prison, in which he was confined for a political offence.

Major Stevens, the American Dwarf, is about forty inches in height, and a fine accomplished little gentleman. He has been exhibited in nearly every city of the United States. Other dwarfs, of about the same dimensions, male and female, have been exhibited within a few years, and regarded with no little wonder and curiosity. But all these are incomparably less wonderful than the astonishing little man whom we are about to describe—the subject of this narrative.

CHARLES S. STRATTON,

KNOWN AS

GENERAL TOM THUMB,

Was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, U. S., 11th January, 1832, and was, consequently, twelve years old at the date of this Memoir.

His parents are people of the common size, with nothing at all remarkable in their physical or mental organization. At his birth, the General, for by this title we must call him, weighed nine pounds and a half, which is rather greater than the average weight of children at their birth. There were no extraordinary circumstances attending his advent, or preceding it, and he was considered a very handsome, hearty, and promising boy. Nothing remarkable was noticed respecting him until he was about seven months old, when he weighed fifteen pounds, about which time his parents and their neighbours began to remark that he did not continue to grow. Still there were no indications of disease—the child grew in maturity if not in dimensions, and, expecting that he would soon take a start, his parents thought little of the matter. Time passed on, however, and the General remained in *statu quo*, growing remarkably strong, playful, active, intelligent, and handsome—increasing in vigour and manliness of proportions, but not increasing one inch in height, or one ounce in weight; and it is proper to state, that he has always enjoyed a fine appetite, partaking freely of the ordinary dishes found upon the tables of the labouring classes, has sound refreshing sleep, and *has always been in the most perfect health*, with the exception of those slight colds, &c., to which the best regulated constitutions are sometimes liable. Subsequent to his birth, his parents have had two other children, who are now well grown and interesting girls, of nine and seven years of age. There is nothing in his history or appearance, or of his family, to give the least clue to the astonishing phenomena which he exhibits.

It is very difficult to form a proper idea of the personal appearance of this extraordinary personage. The imagination cannot conceive the possibility of such extreme littleness: and we find it very difficult, even with the help of drawings, to think of a perfect *miniature man*, only TWENTY-FIVE INCHES HIGH, perfect and elegant in his proportions, and weighing only FIFTEEN POUNDS!

When standing upon the floor, and walking about the room, which he does, dressed in the most elegant and fashionable manner, with all the grace and dignity of the finished gentleman, his head scarcely reaches to the knees of a person of ordinary stature, and is about on a level with the seats of the chairs and ottomans of the drawing-room.

All his limbs are of the most elegant proportions; his head of the proper size, and beautifully developed, with the handsomest limbs, and prettiest little feet and hands ever seen. His boots are perfect Wellingtons, made from the softest kid, by the most fashionable artistes; his clothes are made by the best tailors; and his gloves are, of necessity, furnished to order; for nothing so small and fairy-like are ever otherwise manufactured. His canes, of which he has several, are about ten or twelves inches long; and his hats, for all his different costumes, are of themselves curiosities.

The General has a light complexion, light hair, fresh, rosy cheeks, large beautiful dark eyes, a fine forehead, a handsome mouth, and great vivacity of expression and hilarity of behaviour.

The Editor of the "Courier and Enquirer," Colonel Webb, whom the General visited soon after his arrival in New York, thus describes him in that paper:—

"SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—While quietly discussing our dinner yesterday, we were honoured with a very unceremonious visit from no less a personage than the distinguished *General Thomas Thumb*. We were somewhat annoyed at the interruption at first, but discovering its cause, and the honour conferred upon us, very quietly proceeded in the operation of carving a turkey, which the companion of the General assured us weighed more than his grace. We were somewhat disposed to question this; but, when informed that *GENERAL THUMB* weighs precisely *Fifteen Pounds Two Ounces!* we admitted the truth of the assertion, and placed the General alongside of our plate to superintend the operation of carving. He took his station with great *sang froid*, and, amid the roar of our little ones, quietly kicked aside a tumbler of water, which he considered dangerous in the event of his falling into it!"

"As soon as we had carved the turkey to his satisfaction, he very gracefully walked round the table, at the risk of being drowned in a wine glass, paid his respects to all who were sitting around it, and selected a seat for himself, in which he ate a very hearty dinner, and drank the health of all present in a glass of *Malmsey*.

"All this may appear *fiction* to the reader, but it is sober truth. *GENERAL THUMB* is *eleven* years of age, weighs fifteen pounds two ounces, and is exactly *twenty-five inches high!* Beyond all question he is the *greatest PIGMY* of whom we have any account, being smaller than *Sir GEOFFREY HUDSON* (who was actually served up in a *pie* for the amusement of guests), and alongside of whom Major *STEVENS* declares himself to be a *giant!* Of a verity, he is the greatest curiosity we have ever seen; and we are quite sure that all who omit to pay their respects to him, at the *American Museum*, will for ever regret it.

"The gentleman who accompanied the *General*, informs us that at his birth he weighed nine pounds and a half, and acquired his present weight at the age of six months, since which period he has not varied at any time a half pound from his present weight:—15lbs. 2oz. No description can possibly enable the reader to form any idea of the *diminutiveness* of this little gentleman, or of the peculiar impression made upon one by his dress and manners. His tailor has certainly exhibited tact and talent in *fitting* so extraordinary a figure, which, by-the-bye, is well proportioned; but we shrewdly suspect that his *CANE* is no more nor less than the handle of a steel pen, with a button on the largest end of it."

The same editor subsequently remarks as follows:—

"He is, beyond question, the greatest curiosity, in a small compass, to be seen on the face of the earth. He is magnitude in miniature, *multum in parvo*; not exactly an abridgment of human nature, for the fellow's *amplitude* is undenialble, but one of Natures *indices*, in which the principal features of the race may be looked at with one

glance, without turning over interminable folios to see ‘what man is made of.’ He is a sort of mental and physical concentration, a chemical synthesis, in which manhood had been *boiled down*; a son of Anak reduced to his lowest term; the cube-root of all creation! In sober seriousness, this dwarf is an amazement, and no one, who has the opportunity, should fail of seeing him; for, besides being, as we verily believe, the smallest specimen of humanity that ever before visited the earth, he is an exceedingly *pretty boy*, *symmetrical in all his proportions*, and altogether free from the deformities which generally disfigure such manikins. In short, he is a sight worth going a great way to see.”

And the eminently able and intelligent editor of the “Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,” Dr. J. V. C. Smith, speaks of him as follows:—

“For some weeks past there has been an exhibition at Mr. Kimball’s Museum, in this city, a human being so small, so pert, so active and intelligent, that we are unwilling to let the occasion pass without making a permanent record of some parts of his history, which may, perhaps, be physiologically important to some future medical writer.”

After giving his history, and describing his person, which we need not repeat, the editor says, “He appears now as *fully developed* in body as he ever will be. Of all the dwarfs we have examined, this excels the whole in *littleness*. Indeed, properly speaking, he is *not a dwarf*, as there is nothing *dwarfish* in his appearance—he is a perfect Man in miniature! We gaze upon his little body, dressed out in the extreme fashion of the day, with indefinite sensations, not easily described, partaking of that class of mixed emotions which are felt, but which language has not been able to explain.”

It may add somewhat to the purpose of this work to quote the following graphic description from a correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*:—

“Speaking of the Museum, the *Old American*, now under the management of P. T. BARNUM, Esq., who about a year ago, became its proprietor, it was, a few weeks since, the scene of a very curious excitement. A dwarf has always been an object of curiosity. Major Stevens, who stands about four feet high, has been exhibited in nearly every State in the Union. But, about the season of the holidays, there appeared at Barnum’s Museum, a little man, in comparison with whom the Major towers a giant. He is considerably less than half his height, very handsome, of perfect proportion, and the cleverest, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little *Liliputian* ever seen. Though but eleven years old, he long since got his growth, and now stands twenty-five inches high. His head comes up to the knee-pan of a man of ordinary size, and his limbs, hands, feet, &c., are faultless. He weighs *Fifteen Pounds*!

“I cannot describe the sensations with which one looks upon this diminutive specimen of humanity. Were he deformed, or sickly, or melancholy, we might pity him; but he is so manly, so handsome, so hearty, and so happy, that we look upon him as a being of some other sphere.

"General Tom Thumb, as you may well imagine, attracted crowds; indeed, not less than thirty thousand persons visited him at the American Museum. Gentlemen of the first distinction invited him to dine at their houses; charming ladies came in their carriages, and made him valuable presents, and he was for six weeks *the lion*. I understand that he is meeting with a similar reception in Philadelphia; and as he will probably visit the Monumental City before he returns, you will have an opportunity of seeing him, and verifying my description."

Yet all this gives but a faint idea of the reality; all this gives no conception of the mingled sensations of wonder and delight with which we look upon this most extraordinary being.

Thousands have visited Major Stevens, long shown as the American Dwarf, at various Museums. But beside General Tom Thumb he looks like a giant, being twice his height, and four times his weight. The first time that Stevens saw Tom Thumb, he was as much astonished as any other visitor; and after looking down at him awhile, he pleasantly remarked, "I may be exhibited hereafter, perhaps, but it will be as a *giant*." In truth, his contrast in size with other dwarfs, and with children, shews his extreme littleness more marked, if possible, than when standing by a grown person.

The experiment of the pie, recorded of Hudson, the dwarf of the Court of Charles the Second, of England, would be nothing for Tom Thumb. Often in the winter, in his playful moments, he has hidden himself in ladies' muffs, and it was once or twice suspected that serious attempts were made to smuggle him off, and kidnap him in that manner.

At Boston, he was carried a considerable distance in a lady's work-basket; and it will be easily seen, by his dimensions, into how small a space he could double himself.

Unprecedented, inexplicable, and wonderful as he appears, there can be no doubt that his age is precisely what it is represented to be. His intelligence, manners, and physical strength indicate his age; and the most scientific observers have agreed that, in his *second set of teeth*, and other physiological indications, he clearly exhibits every mark of the age which our date of his hirth would give him, while in many other points he exhibits a still greater maturity. It could not be expected that his voice would be of the full depth of manhood, as this is not only never the case at his years, but probably *never can be*, from the size of the organ; and those who have seen Major Stevens, will remember that, although he is forty years old, and much larger than the General, his voice is still pitched in "childish treble."

In strength, activity, and vivacity, the General is remarkable. He often amuses himself by taking hold of a cane with one or both hands, and being carried about the room, which a man can easily do with one hand. He is constantly engaged in walking about, talking, and in various pastimes and employments, from early in the morning till late at night, without showing any signs of fatigue, and seems the happiest little fellow in the world.

His personations of what are conventionally termed the "Grecian

Statues," are among the most beautiful and wonderful portion of his performances. His "tableau" of Cupid, with his wings and quiver, is inimitable—his size and form being so perfect for that representation, that he looks as if he had just been removed from an Italian image-board. His "Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza" is a most extraordinary representation. His attitude is perfect, and the spectator for the moment loses the idea of the diminutive size of the representative of the *strong* man, so perfect is the representation. His personations of the "Fighting Gladiator," "The Slave whetting his knife," "Ajax," "Discobulus," "Cincinnatus," "Hercules with the Nemæan Lion," &c., exhibit a correctness of attitude, and develope in his motions a firmness and strength, combined with a spirit and intelligence, which prove his age beyond all question to be as represented.

His imitation of Napoleon, in his manner, gait, "taking snuff," and several of his well-known attitudes, is inimitable beyond conception. When dressed in the full military costume of the Emperor, he looks, as we conceive Napoleon would have done, if viewed through the wrong end of a telescope.

At times the General dresses as a sailor, and dances a Hornpipe to perfection. Again, we find him dressed as an English Fox Hunter, with his red coat, drab breeches, and top boots, the feet of which are three inches long, and one and a quarter inches wide!!

Never was a human being, of any size, ever blessed with a kinder heart, or more excellent disposition. He never forgets an acquaintance, and cherishes his friends with the greatest affection. There is something extremely winning in his manners, and this, with his strange beauty, has made many persons, and especially ladies, so strongly attached to him as to become his almost daily visitors. Children are always delighted with him, and little girls are his especial favourites. He receives all his visitors with a cordial and courtly grace; shaking hands and kissing the ladies, which it is difficult to prevent his doing, and which he appears to enjoy, especially when done roguishly, or by stealth, with extreme gusto. During his Southern Tour, early in the Spring of 1843, when he was visited by immense crowds in every Atlantic city, he boasts, among his other adventures, of having kissed six thousand ladies.

It is natural to suppose that the smallness of the brain should limit the development of his intellectual faculties: such, however, is not the case; but, from obvious circumstances, the General's education has, until recently, been neglected. There is no lack of intelligence, or aptitude to learn, and the General is now advancing in reading, music, &c., with every prospect of rapid proficiency.

It is gratifying to add, that the utmost care is devoted to his moral and religious education, and that his ideas regarding the Deity, and the essential requisites of the Gospel, are as lucid and correct as those of many of a more mature age. The General was never known to utter a falsehood, and his language is always unexceptionable.

Of course General Tom Thumb has been the greatest attraction,

made a strong sensation, and drawn admiring crowds in every place which he has visited. At the American Museum, in New York, he was seen, during a few weeks, by more than eighty thousand persons In Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c., his success was not less remarkable. It is true that the other attractions of the American Museum are of the highest order, and that under the management of Mr. BARNUM, it ranks with the first establishments of the kind in the world; but unquestionably General Thumb has proved, in all his engagements, its greatest card.

While at this popular Establishment, his levees, at all hours, were crowded by the wealth, fashion, and intelligence of the metropolis, and by thousands of strangers arriving and departing. These he welcomed in the great reception hall of the Museum, and after showing them the splendid Fountain and thousands of beautiful curiosities with which it was crowded, he appeared again on a raised platform, in the great Hall, on the third story, where his Miniature Palace, Furniture, and Equipage, caused almost as much sensation as the General himself, and where, amid the million curiosities of nature and art, he was still the greatest wonder.

At each performance in the splendid Exhibition Saloon, he walked upon the stage, gracefully saluting the crowded audiences, and mounted upon a chair by an assistant, sang, in a sweet voice, and with inimitable effect, a patriotic song, after which he retired, acknowledging, by frequent bows, the rapturous plaudits he never fails of receiving.

A visit to the *Aërial Gardens*, on the roof of the Museum, to view the city by gas or moonlight, and witness the ascension of the illuminated balloons, would close the pleasures and fatigues of one day of this strange existence.

The General is now on a visit, for a few months, to England and France, accompanied by his parents. They have engaged, as their agent, Mr. Barnum, who first brought the General before the public, at his Museum, in New York; and who, having conceived a strong affection for his little *protégé*, takes a pride in accompanying him, in order to be an eye-witness of the triumphs which the General is sure to achieve wherever he may appear; and also in the hope of having him introduced to the Sovereigns of the English and French nations; after which the illustrious General will return with all his laurels to his native land. In order that no opportunity shall be lost in improving his education and manners his parents employed a preceptor in America, who accompanies the General in all his peregrinations.

The "New York Sun," of the 19th of January, 1844, contained the following article in relation to the little General:—"Departure of General Tom Thumb. Not less than ten thousand persons joined in procession yesterday to escort this wonderful little man on board of the ship *Yorkshire*, by which splendid packet he has sailed, in company with his parents and Mr. Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum, and a preceptor for the purpose of visiting her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Nobility of England. The procession passed

down Fulton Street, preceded by the city brass band. The General was in an open barouche, and bowed very gracefully to the thousands of ladies who filled the windows on each side of the street, and who testified their delight at seeing him by the waving of thousands of white handkerchiefs. The shipping adjacent to the *Yorkshire*, was black with the multitude gathered to witness the departure of the smallest man and the finest ship that the world ever produced. Our little countryman will astonish the citizens of the Old World. Sir Geoffrey Hudson would have been a giant beside the General. Farewell, friend Thomas! Thy career is sure to be glorious where'er thou goest; and thou canst always with truth exclaim, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Mayest thou have prosperous gales, and soon return to the land of thy birth to meet the millions of thy friends and admirers!"

It is a fact worthy of consideration, that no newspaper has ever spoken disparagingly of this remarkable phenomenon. On the contrary, there is something so peculiarly agreeable and enchanting in his appearance, and he is so perfectly free from all deformities, and any repulsive features which have usually characterized dwarfs, that none can see him without *admiration* as well as astouishment. Among the papers which have spoken highly in the General's favour, and the editors of which have seen him personally, are the "London Times," "Morning Herald," "Standard," "Morning Chronicle," "Sun," "Globe," "Morning Post," "Court Gazette," "Court Journal," "Literary Gazette," "Bell's Life in London," "Pictorial Times," "Illustrated News," "Era," "Britannia," "Age and Argus," "Church and State Gazette," "London Watchman," "Mirror," "Liverpool Chronicle," "Journal," "Mail," "Wilmer and Smith's European Times;" and many others.

With this brief sketch we take our leave of this little wonder, wishing him long life, health, and happiness, and hoping that we may be spared to see him at the age of thirty, when (should no ill befall him in the mean time), he will probably be master of several languages, and as much surpass in wonder what he now is, as he at present surpasses, in every respect, all dwarfs who have lived before him.

SONGS, SCRAPS, ETC.,

SUNG BY

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave, and the winds their revels keep;
Like an eagle caged I pine, on this dull unchanging shore,
O give me the flashing brine—the spray and the tempest roar.
The land is no longer in view, the clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew, we'll say let the storm come down;
And the song of our hearts shall be, while the winds and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea, a home on the bounding wave.

For a life on the ocean wave, &c.

Ole Dan Tucker. (*Negro Song*).

I come to town the other night, I heard a noise, I see'd a sight,
The watchmen all were running around, saying Ole Dan Tucker is
come to town.
So get out of the way, Ole Dan Tucker; get out of the way, Ole Dan
Tucker,
Get out of the way, Ole Dan Tucker, you're too late to come to supper.
Ole Tucker lived on the railroad track, and he carried the engine on
his back ;
He cut his corns with the engine wheel, which gave him the tooth-
ache in the heel.

So get out of the way, &c.

A good beef steak and a mutton chop, make's a nigger's mouth go
flippity flop ;
Boys, boys, get off behind, I borrowed the horse, and the cart ain't
mine.

So get out of the way, &c.

Ole Tucker died in Ole Kentucky—in doing so he was mighty lucky,
For since he's gone there's none can say, Daniel Tucker get out of the
way.

So get out of the way, &c.

I should like to Marry.

I should like to marry, if I could only find
 Any pretty Lady, suited to my mind.
 I should like her handsome—I should like her good,
 With a little money, yes, indeed, I should.

Oh ! then I would marry, if I could find
 Any pretty Lady, suited to my mind.

Duet,

Sung by GENERAL TOM THUMB and THE INFANT THALIA,
 (IN CHARACTER).

He. Old woman ! old woman ! will you mend my stocking ?
 Old woman ! old woman ! will you mend my stocking ?

She. Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very hard of hearing,
 Speak a little louder, sir, and then I think I'll hear you.

He. Old woman ! old woman ! will you let me kiss you ?
 Old woman ! old woman ! will you let me kiss you ?

She. Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very hard of hearing,
 Speak a little louder, sir, and then I think I'll hear you.

He. Old woman ! old woman ! will you, will you marry ?
 Old woman ! old woman ! will you, will you marry ?

She. Good gracious ! Bless your soul, I just begin to hear you.
 Good gracious ! Bless your soul, I just begin to hear you.

Dandy Jim. (*A Negro Song*).

I've often heard it said of late,
 That South Carolina was the state,
 Where a handsome Nigger is bound to shine,
 Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.

My ole massa told me O ,
 The best looking nigger in the county O ;
 I looked in the glass and found it so,
 Just as massa told me O .

A bull dog chased me through the yard,
 I thought I'd better leave my card ;
 I tied it fast with a piece of twine,
 Signed Dandy Jim from Caroline.

My ole massa, &c.

I dressed myself from top to toe,
 To see Miss Dinah I did go ;
 My pantaloons were strapped so fine,
 Like Dandy Jim from Caroline,

My ole massa, &c.

General Tom Thumb's Visit to the Queen of England at Buckingham Palace—1844.

[Written by Mr. JAMES MORGAN, of the Imperial Hotel, Liverpool,
at the GENERAL'S particular request.]

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle*.

I'm GENERAL THUMB, just come to town,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
I've paid a visit to the Crown,
Dressed like any grandee :
The Queen has made me presents rare ;
Court Ladies did salute me ;
First rate I am, they all declare,
And all my dresses suit me.

Yankee Doodle loves you all,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Both young and old, and short, and tall,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The Prince of Wales—dear little boy—
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
When first we met, was rather shy,
And could not understand me ;
But since, we've been the best of friends,
And play'd at romps together ;—
I wonder when he next intends
To mount another feather.

Yankee Doodle loves you all,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Both young and old, and short, and tall,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Prince Albert speaks so kind and free,
Yankee Doodle Dandy ;
He's taller, *very much*, than me,
Although I'm neat and handy :
He loves the Queen, and so do I—
They both say I'm a beauty :
I'm much obliged to all—good bye—
To-day I've done my duty.

Yankee Doodle loves you all,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Some other day, I guess, you'll call
To see your little Dandy.

Come Sit Thee Down.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny lass,
 Come sit thee down by me, love :
 And I will tell thee mony a tale
 Of the dangers of the sea.
 Of the perils of the deep, love,
 Where the angry tempests roar,
 And the raging billows wildly dash
 Upon the roaring shore.

Then come sit thee down, &c.

The skies are flaming red, my love,
 And darkly rolls the mountain wave,
 And rears its monstrous head ;
 While skies and ocean blending,
 And bitter howls the blast ;
 And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death,
 Clings to the shattered mast.

Then come sit thee down, &c.

Lucy Long. (*A Negro Song*).

I just came out before you, to sing a little song,
 I hope my short acquaintance will be remembered long.
 So take your time Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Lucy Long,
 Oh! rock the cradle, Lucy, and keep the babies warm.

Oh ! if I had a scolding wife, I'd lick her sure's I'm born,
 I'd take her down to New Orleans, and trade her off for corn.

So take your time, &c.

Goliath was a tall man, and William Wallace too,
 I'm not so tall as either, but I'd stand as high as you.

So take your time, &c.

I am a very little man, my name is Tommy Thumb,
 I always kiss the ladies, when to see me they do come.

So take your time, &c.

I went to the garden to pick a mess of peas,
 I killed myself a laughing to hear the chickens sneeze.

So take your time, &c.

If ever I get married, it shall not be for riches,
 I'll marry a girl six feet high, so she can't wear my—trowsers.

So take your time, &c.

My mamma's got the measles, my daddy's got the gout,
 Good morning, Mr. Jenkins, does your mother know you're out ?

So take your time, &c.

**Parody on the celebrated Comic Song,
“Billy Taylor.”**

[BY PUNCH.]

You've heard of many a gay Lothario,
Who to all the ladies' hearts laid claim ;
But none can equal the gallant little hero,
Of celebrated American fame.

Ri tol lol, &c.

To rival me many a base pretender
Has done his utmost to betray,
But none can equal me—no never,
In stealing the hearts of the ladies gay.

Ri tol lol, &c.

I've been to court, at Buckingham Palace,
And seen the Queen, and Prince Albert too,
And danced the Polka with the Princess Alice,
Though you'll hardly think it's true.

Ri tol lol, &c.

I've been to see both Dukes and Earls,
Marquesses and Baronets too,
And kiss'd above two million girls,
Young maidens, aunts, and mammas too.

Ri tol lol, &c.

In Scotland, too, I come it stylish,
The people after me were mad—
I learnt to eat their fam'd Scotch haggish,
And sported it in tartan plaid.

Ri tol lol, &c.

Now, Ladies, perhaps you'll think me merry ?
Though I've tried to please, I must confess,
So many young Ladies want me to marry,
I scarce can get a moment's rest.

Ri tol lol, &c.

But though I'm rather kind in the main,
And I am a young bachelor yet,
Still I think it's better to refrain,
For I should no more money get.

Ri tol lol, &c.

I'm shortly going to see the Frenchmen,
And learn to eat their roasted frogs;
And to try my arts with the gay French women,
I'll sport a suit of Parisian togs.

Ri tol lol, &c.

Now, Ladies, I hope you will not fret,
For back to you I mean to come ;
So, while I'm in France, pray don't forget
Your little friend—GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Ri tol lol, &c.

Lines on Tom Thumb.

[*From the Somerset County Herald.*]

Charming sprite! bewitching creature,
Unique in ev'ry form and feature,
Your gentle tread we scarce can hear,
And only see you when you're *near*;
From Lilliput you must have come,
You great, great wonder, little Thumb.
Your fairy hands, with jewell'd rings,
Indeed are "first-rate," "spicy" things:
The ladies like your "stamp receipt,"
And all pronounce it very sweet.
Your arch expression, roguish eye,
Descriptive powers almost defy:
Your attitudes, so well defin'd,
The Grecian Statues bring to mind;
And well, indeed, you personate
Napoleon too, and imitate
His taking snuff so wondrous well,
We know not where you most excel,
When pondering over Waterloo,
Or when King George we see in you,
Or Highland Chieftain, dress'd complete,
With tartan hose and buckled feet;
A claymore in your tiny hand,
And brace of pistols in your band;
But this I know—you're excellent
In ev'ry form you represent;
Though most I like you in your own,
For there, indeed, you stand alone;
Unrivall'd in your little growth,
To see you bigger all are loth;
You look so pretty as you are,
From the new world a shining star,
Attracting thousands to the sight,
Who all express unfeigned delight.
So pray remain in *statu quo*,
In sense and goodness only grow,
For they will make you truly great,
Though to be little is your fate;
But may your cares be little too,
And so, dear little man, adieu.

General Tom Thumb.

You've heard of General Tom Thumb, that blade
 From America just hurled;
 And, though a little chap, he's made
 A great noise in the world.
 A page in history he'll adorn,
 And many people say,
 That very likely he was born,
 Upon the *shortest* day.

Tol lol, &c.

Go where you will, from East to West,
 Or even North to South,
 Most every body you may meet,
 Have got Tom Thumb in their mouth!
 He's never grown an inch since he
 Was six months old, they say;
 And yet the little General
 Keeps rising every day.

Tol lol, &c.

You'd think, from his exertions,
 That his weary limbs and head
 Much rest required—and yet Tom never
 Could lay long in his bed.
 To realize a fortune
 In a little time he ought—
 He's coining money daily,
 Although he's dreadful short!

Tol lol, &c.

Her Majesty, in history,
 Had heard of Tommy Thumb,
 So sent a special messenger
 To bid him to her come.
 And knowing, too well, Royalty
 Extravagance does dock it,
 Barnum, to save expenses,
 Took Tommy in his pocket!!!

Tol lol, &c.

The Queen received the General
 With general glee, no doubt,
 But not until her opera glass
 Was brought to spy him out.
 Says she, "if your a specimen
 Of Generals in action,
 I reckon ! 'twont take long to give
 You *general* satisfaction."

Tol lol &c.

Says Albert, "He's a model
 Of all our walking males,—
 Suppose we dub him 'Aide-de-Camp',
 To our little Prince of Wales!"
 "No, no," replied the Queen, "if he
 Long in the palace lingers,
 It's my belief that little Thumb
 Will slip through all our fingers."

Tol tol, &c.

Three times did the General drop in
 At the Palace—so folks tell us,
 At last, his little visits there
 Made all the great men jealous.
 Queen Adelaide gave him a watch,
 The size of a silver Joe,
 So, when the General got the watch,
 He thought it time to go.

Tol lol, &c.

The Duke of Wellington dropped in
 To see him, t'other day,
 Imitate Napoleon,
 In his own little way.
 The Duke, at first, felt some alarms
 At the sight of his old crony,
 And, taking Tom up in his arms,
 He said he thought him *Boney*!

Tol lol, &c.

While visited by hundreds
 Every day, this little elf,
 Though others think him little,
 Don't think little of himself.
 I suppose he only drinks small beer,
 Or something of the sort,
 And, just to keep his spirits up,
 A drop of *summat* short.

Tol lol, &c.

There's no fear in the Life Guards
 He ever will enlist,
 Although the little fellow, on
 Short commons might exist.
 Adieu, dear General Tom Thumb,
 You funny little elf,
 And may your short existence here
 Be longer than yourself.

Tol lol, &c.

. Since the arrival of General Tom Thumb in England, he has had the distinguished honour of appearing before Her Majesty the Queen of England, at Buckingham Palace ; and also Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The following extract is from the Court Circular, published in the London "Times," and other morning papers, of Monday, March 25, 1844 :—

"The American Dwarf, General Tom Thumb, accompanied by his guardian, Mr. P. T. Barnum, of New York, had the honour of attending the Palace on Saturday evening, when the General exhibited his clever imitations of Napoleon, &c., which elicited the approbation of Her Majesty and the Royal circle."

We also subjoin the following, from the London "Globe," of the same evening :—

"The American Dwarf, General Tom Thumb, accompanied by his guardian, Mr. Barnum, had the honour of attending at Buckingham Palace on Saturday evening, and afforded much entertainment to Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal Household, by the intellectual display of his extraordinary abilities. His quick replies to the various questions put by the Queen, and his wonderful exhibition of the Grecian Statues, Napoleon musing, songs, &c., astonished all present. Her Majesty expressed a lively anxiety for the future prospects of the General ; and hoped that his guardian would carefully watch over him, and not allow his intellectual faculties to be too frequently tested."

From the "Morning Chronicle" of Tuesday, 2nd April, 1844 :—

"On Monday evening, 1st April, pursuant to the commands of Her Majesty, General Tom Thumb, the celebrated American Dwarf, had the honour of appearing, for the second time, before the Court at Buckingham Palace, to repeat the entertainment which had so gratified Her Majesty and the Royal circle on the evening of Saturday, the 23rd March.

"In addition to Her Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Princess Alice, and their respective suites, a distinguished party had been invited to witness the performance of this extraordinary specimen of mankind.

His personation of the Emperor Napoleon elicited great mirth, and was followed by a representation of the Grecian Statues ; after which the General danced a hornpipe, and sang several of his favourite songs.

"Her Majesty the Queen, at the conclusion of the entertainment, was pleased to present to the General, with her own hand, a superb souvenir, of the most exquisite handicraft, manufactured of mother-o'-pearl, and mounted with gold and precious stones. On one side are the crown and royal initials 'V. R.', and on the reverse, bouquets of flowers in enamel and rubies. In addition to this splendid gift, Her Majesty subsequently presented the General with a beautiful gold pencil-case, with the initials of Tom Thumb engraved thereon, accompanying the royal souvenir, with the expression of Her Majesty's high gratification at the versatile talents of the General; and also a compliment to Mr. Barnum, his guardian, on the aptness of his pupil. The General then made his *congé*, amidst the congratulations of the Royal party."

On Tuesday, April 16, the General had the honour of appearing, for the SECOND time, before Her Majesty Queen Adelaide; his Grace the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and other distinguished visitors were present, at Marlborough House. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to present the General with an elegant watch and chain, made expressly for him, and corresponding in size with himself.

The General had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace, for the THIRD time, on Friday, April 19. He was dressed in a FULL COURT SUIT, and elicited the approbation of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, also of their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, Prince Leiningen, and other distinguished visitors.

The children of that national institution, the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea (commonly called the Duke of York's School), paid a visit, April 26, to General Tom Thumb, at the Egyptian Hall. The Lilliputian army consisted of about 300 healthy boys, with their flags and excellent band, attended by Captain Siborn. On the approach of the General, he was received with a general salute, which he gracefully acknowledged, although he was rather astonished at the novelty of the scene, the boys forming a square round the room. The General sang several songs, and called on the band to play "God Save the Queen," and pronounced the performance to be "first-rate!"

On Saturday, 22nd June, General Tom Thumb invited the boys of "The Royal Hospital School," at Greenwich, to honour him with a visit. They waited on the General, attended by their officers and band, forming a corps of nearly 800 strong and healthy lads, who were evidently highly gratified by the appearance of this extraordinary man in miniature.

GENERAL TOM THUMB'S CARRIAGE

THIS magnificent Carriage was manufactured by Mr. S. BEATON, No. 16, Denmark Street, Soho, London (*Invalid Chair and Carriage Manufacturer*). It is an elegant DRESS CHARIOT, 20 inches high and 12 inches wide; completely furnished, in the richest style, with every requisite; lined with a rich figured drab silk, and lace to match the Venetian shutters, plate glass, and spring-roller blinds, &c., &c. The colour is an ultra marine blue, elegantly picked out with crimson and white; the body hangs upon black patent leather braces, beautifully worked with white silk; the Carriage has under and C springs; Colinge's patent axles, with silver caps and hoops; handsome carved hind standards, with footman's treble step and holders, complete. The ornaments and beading are of the most chaste description, in silver. Upon the door panels, as also the back and front panels, are emblazoned the General's arms—Britannia and the Goddess of Liberty in a double shield, supported by the British Lion and American Eagle; crest, the Rising Sun, with the British and American flags crossed;—the motto, “ Go-A-HEAD ! ” A superb crimson hamper cloth, elegantly trimmed with silk and silver lace and fringe, in the centres of which an American embroidered star in silver, with the arms also in silver, surrounded by wreaths of oak and laurel, mounted upon a leather Salisbury boot, in the first style of fashion.

The Harness was manufactured by Messrs. FILLINGHAM, of Whitechapel Road, and is of the most elegant description of black leather, with silver mountings, having the General's arms emblazoned in various parts.

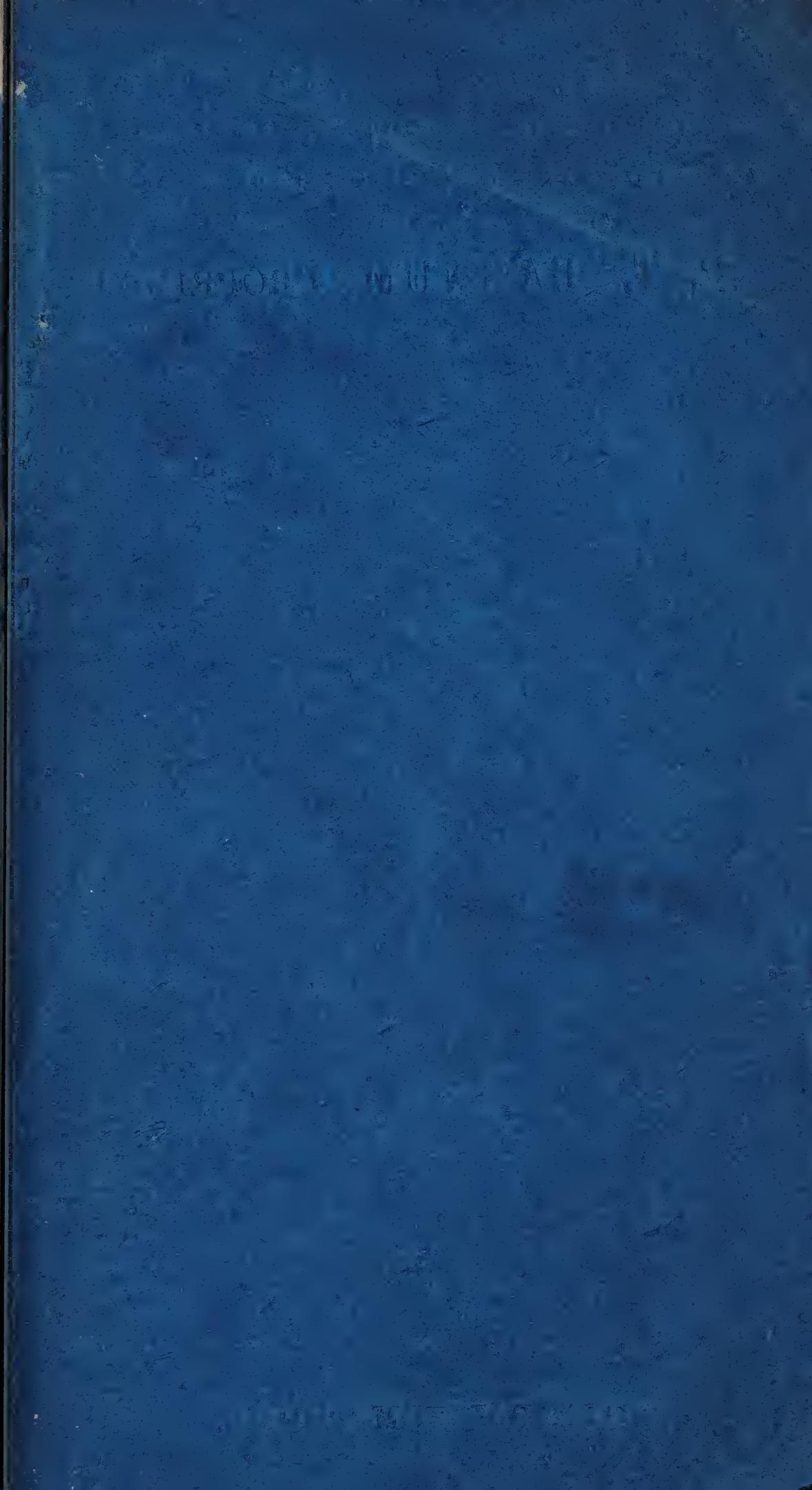
The ponies have been purchased from the valuable stud of Mr. BATTY, of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, 34 inches in height. Two lads have been engaged as Coachman and Footman;—Coachman, 3 feet 8 inches; footman, 3 feet—dressed in liveries, blue coats trimmed with silver lace, and aguillettes of silver; red plush breeches and silk stockings, with silver garters and buckles; cocked hats and wigs;—footman furnished with handsome chased silver-headed canes.

The expense of the General's splendid Carriage, Ponies, Harness, and Equipage complete, has exceeded upwards of Three Hundred Guineas !

FINIS.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.



AMERICAN MUSEUM,

MARBLE BUILDING, BROADWAY,

CORNER OF ANN STREET, OPPOSITE THE ASTOR HOUSE,

And near the Park Fountain, New York

P. T. BARNUM, PROPRIETOR.



GENERAL TOM THUMB.